JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE™

31 JAN 96

PRIEST
ROBINSON
STEGBAUER

TO TAME THE BEAST!

BAIISTA/WALLACE
+
MATT.H

THERE USED TO BE A TIME WHEN FATHERS PILED THE WIFE AND KIDS INTO THE STATION WAGON AND SET OFF ON A NIGHTMARISH VOYAGE TO THE GRAND CANYON.

THAT ANYONE EVER MADE IT THERE ALIVE WAS PROOF GOD DOES INDEED EXIST...

WE HAVE CLEARED THE ENTAURUS MAELSTROM AND HAVE RESUMED COURSE HEADING FOR THE BENURIS SYSTEM.

ALL SYSTEMS NOMINAL.

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ADRIENNE**ROY** ▼ COLORIST KEVIN**CUNNINGHAM** ▼ LETTERER ALISANDE**MORALES** ▼ ASS'T ED. RUBEN**DIAZ** ▼ EDITOR
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THE SHIP, A TRANSPORT POD CAPTURED FROM THE OVERMASTER, TUMBLES END-OVER-NOSE ACROSS THE INKY RIBBON OF TIME AND SPACE. THE SHIP'S INERTIA SAVES FUEL AND CREATES ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY ON BOARD.

IT'S DESTINATION: XANTHCAR, A SMALL PLANET IN SECTOR 412. IF SUCH DISTANCES WERE ACTUALLY MEASURED IN MILES, XANTHCAR WOULD BE ROUGHLY EIGHTY-SEVEN AND ONE HALF MILLION MILES FROM EARTH.

THE POD, BUILT ON AN OUTDATED PLATFORM, LUMBERS THROUGH SPACE AT BARELY EIGHT TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT. IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN **TWO FULL DAYS** TO COVER THE MODEST--BY INTER-STELLAR TRAVEL STANDARDS--DISTANCE.

PLENTY OF TIME FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE TO RELAX AND RELAX.

HOUR THREE--

I DON'T BELIEVE IT--YOU'VE GOT *HBO* ON THIS THING!

THIS WILL BE A *LONG JOURNEY* GYPSY. 57 HOURS, 13 MINUTES, APPROXIMATELY.

--THEY'RE A *LOT* LESS *ROMANTIC*.

ROMANCE AND *ADVENTURE* ARE *NOT* ELEMENTS OF THIS VOYAGE, TRIUMPH.

I'VE ENDEAVORED TO MAKE EVERYONE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE.

TOO BAD THE SHIP DOESN'T HAVE ANY *WINDOWS*.

IT'S MY FIRST *OUTER SPACE* ADVENTURE. WHILE I'M SURE THE TACTICAL DISPLAYS ARE PROBABLY MORE *USEFUL* THAN A *PORT-HOLE*--

THIS IS A MISSION OF *MERCY*. IT REQUIRES *FOCUS*.

IN OTHER WORDS, "*HEY--DOG FACE--JUST BE GLAD I LET YOU COME ALONG.*"

GOT IT. STILL, I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU BLOW IT FOR ME. SPACE--I'M IN *OUTER SPACE*.

THERE'S AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF *DESTINY*...

...YEAH... DESTINY...

NERON'S BOX. IF I *OPEN* IT, I GET MY *WISH*--MY *SECOND CHANCE*.

AND IT'LL ONLY COST *MY SOUL*.

SHOULD FLUSH THIS THING. I *WOULD*--

"--BUT THAT *MYSTEK* KID'S STILL IN THE *JOHN*. WONDER WHAT *HIS* PROBLEM IS..."

FIFTY SEVEN HOURS--THAT'S MORE THAN *TWO DAYS!*

TWO DAYS!! Oh NO--

--NOT GONNA MAKE IT.

NEVER COULD DEAL WITH *SMALL SPACES*...

...NOT SINCE *SEOUL*...

J'ONN, I'M NOT TRYING TO BE *INSULTING*--

--BUT YOUR *LOGIC* ESCAPES ME SOMETIMES. IT'S LIKE, I NEVER KNOW WHAT SIDE OF THE *BED* YOU'RE GONNA GET UP ON.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU.

THIS MUST BE *OLD HAT* TO YOU, J'ONN--

--WINGING THROUGH THE COSMOS, HELPS ME APPRECIATE YOUR *PERSPECTIVE* ON THINGS--SORT OF.

IT'S LIKE, TODAY YOU'RE MY FRIEND. TOMORROW, YOU'LL SIT ME IN FRONT OF AN ONCOMING TRUCK AND *LEAVE*.

NOW, MAYBE TO *YOU*, IT'S ALL SOMEHOW CONSISTENT. MAYBE, IN *YOUR* HEAD, YOU MAKE IT ALL *FIT*.

BUT, HONESTLY, J'ONN--I DON'T ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO *MAKE* OF YOU. I GUESS I KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR *SHELL*--THE *HUMANITY* YOU EMULATE FOR OUR BENEFIT--

--AND KEEP *EXPECTING* A *HUMAN* REACTION FROM AN UMPTEEN MILLION-YEAR-OLD GUY WHO TRAVELS THE GALAXY WATCHING HBO.

GO *GET* HIM, GYPSY.

I MEAN, ISN'T THAT JUST *RIDICULOUS?* CROSSING THE *GALAXY*--IN *TWO DAYS*--IN A SHIP BUILT BY A FIFTY-FOOT MAN WITH *HORNS* ON HIS HEAD?!

I MEAN, HERE WE ARE, ACCEPTING ALL THIS WITH A *STRAIGHT FACE*--PUSHING BUTTONS AND PLOTTING COURSES--AND EXPECTING YOU, THE GUY WHO'S PUT US *UP* TO THIS--TO ACT LIKE *DAD.*

STUPID, RIGHT?

I MEAN, I THINK WE COULD ALL GET THROUGH THIS A LITTLE EASIER IF WE AT LEAST ADMIT HOW *RIDICULOUS* IT ALL IS--DON'T YOU?

NOT TO MENTION YOU'RE *GREEN* AND *BALD* AND CAN KICK SUPERMAN'S BUTT.

...MY DESTINY...

WHAT CHANNEL DOES *LETTERMAN* COME ON--?

TEN.

GOT IT.

FIFTY-FOUR HOURS TO GO.

THE ACCUSED

HIS NAME USED TO BE DESPERO.

NOW IT'S L-RON.

ALTHOUGH MOST EVERYONE STILL CALLS HIM DESPERO.

PARTICULARLY THE JEERING MOBS OUTSIDE INTER-GALACTIC CIRCUIT COURT #A33. THE CONCEPT OF A SYNTHETIC CONSCIOUSNESS IMPRINTED ON A LIVING ORGANISM IS LOST ON THEM.

THEY DO NOT SEE L-RON, THE HARMLESS VALET TO THE MANGA KHAN.

THEY SEE EVIL INCARNATE. THE SCOURGE OF THE GALAXY.

THEY SEE ONLY DEATH. THAT WHICH DESPERO DELIVERED--

--AND THAT WHICH HE WILL MOST CERTAINLY RECEIVE.

L-RON USED TO ALMOST ENJOY THE FEAR DESPERO'S FORM STRUCK IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO SAW HIM.

AFTER SCORES OF YEARS FETCHING FOR THE MANGA KHAN, HERE AT LAST WAS RESPECT.

L-RON HAS SEEN THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS.

--FOUL SCOURGE OF FOURTEEN SPACE SECTORS! WE HAVE FINALLY APPREHENDED THIS BEAST, AND WILL NOW PROVE TO ALL THE CITIZENS OF THE GALAXY--

--THAT DESPERO, THE ONCE-INTELLECTUAL LONE SURVIVOR OF KALANOR, IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR PERHAPS THOUSANDS OF DEATHS ACROSS HUNDREDS OF SPACE LINES!

WE HAVE FINALLY APPREHENDED THIS DREADED SCOURGE AND WE SHALL NOT ALLOW HIM TO LEAVE THIS PLANET ALIVE--!!

--DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT. I DON'T GET IT. DO YOU? DESPERO? WHO'S DESPERO? DESPERO IS DEAD, MY FRIENDS.

THE MAN THEY'VE APPREHENDED IS JUST LIVING INSIDE DESPERO'S BODY, JUST RENTING IT--ON A TIME SHARE. SO, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO EXPLAIN IT TO ME--

PROSECUTION

DEFENSE

--HOW THEY CAN TRY A MAN--AN INNOCENT MAN--A LITTLE BITTY ROBOT MAN WHO NEVER HURT NOBODY--DRAG HIM IN HERE IN CHAINS AND CALL HIM A "SCOURGE." I CAN'T EVEN SPELL "SCOURGE."

L-RON NEVER HURT NOBODY IN HIS LIFE. HECK, HE WAS OUT PRACTICING HIS GOLF SWING WHEN THOSE XYNTACANS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED--

PRESS CONFERENCE

--FORGET ALL THAT EVIDENCE. WHAT IS EVIDENCE, ANYWAY? I CAN'T EVEN SPELL "EVIDENCE"--

'CAUSE I'M *GLENN GAMMERON,* THAT'S HOW. I CATCH 'EM, THEY *STAY* CAUGHT. NOW LOOK HERE--

--MAKE ME UP SOME OF THOSE CHOPS, YEAH, YEAH, BABY.

YEAH, GIMME SOMADAT *SAUCE* TOO. YOU KNOW. YEAH. Uh-Huh.

THERE HE IS--!

DESPERO!

HEY-- LOOK OVER HERE--!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO FINALLY GET *PINCHED--?*

--NEARLY 10,000 SLAIN-- WERE YOU GOING FOR A *RECORD--?*

--TRUE ABOUT YOU AND HEIDI FLEISS--?

--DESPY-- YO, *DESPY--!*

YES, BABY, Uh-Huh. YEAH. ALL DONE.

WHEN? *HMM--* USUALLY THREE DAYS, BUT I KNOW A LITTLE *BACK DOOR* THROUGH THE THERESE SECTOR THAT'LL SHAVE A DAY OFF THAT.

HOW? SHOOT.

HEY!!

AAIIEEE--!!

YEEEAARRGH!!

WHAT THE HELL--?

DEATH TO THE ENEMIES OF THE KALANORIAN WAR GOD!!

GREAT.

THESE GUYS-- THE TORNADIANS!

THEY WORSHIP ANYONE THEY SEE ON COURT TV!

HEY--HEY-- YOU MEATBALLS!

--BACK OFF--!!

SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET ALL BURNT UP, FELLAS.

SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET WAXED RIGHT HERE IN THE COURTHOUSE!

THWAAACCKK!!

--SEE, YOU SNATCH DESPERO, AND I'M OUT EIGHTY GRAND. AND BELIEVE ME, MAN--

KRAAAM

--YOU'LL NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THAT HAPPEN--

KERRRUNNICH--!

HOLEE--!

THANKS... I GUESS...

NOW-- EVERYBODY JUST BE GROOVY--

--TAKE IT SLOW--

HMMM...

"L-RON," Huh--?

HOUR NINE...

I'VE *REALLY* GOTTA GO NOW...

--WHAT--DID MYSTEK FALL *ASLEEP* IN THERE--?

TEN MINUTES, MISTER--THEN I'M COMING IN *AFTER* YOU--

GYPSY--

--I AM VERY PLEASED THAT, IN SPITE OF MY *APPARENT SHORT-COMINGS*, YOU'VE CHOSEN TO REMAIN WITH THE *TASK FORCE*--

--GIVEN YOUR RECENT *TRIALS*.

TRUE DETECTIVE

VON MAULER.

THE *DEMON* WHO'S STALKED ME ALL MY LIFE.

Y'SEE, J'ONN--THAT WAS *JUST* WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT--

TODAY, NAKIA, I WILL SHOW YOU *SOME* OF YOUR *TRUE* POTENTIAL.

THE *MEREST HINT* OF OUR *FUTURE LIFE* TOGETHER...

...IN THE *WORLD* TO *COME*.

"YOU *KNEW* ABOUT HIM, J'ONN. KEPT *FILES* OF HIM.

"YOU KNEW SOME-DAY VON MAULER WOULD *FIND* ME."

*SEE TASK FORCE #24 FOR DETAILS--Roo

--BUT YOU NEVER WARNED ME.

AND, WHEN THAT...*MONSTER*... FINALLY *FOUND* ME...

...YOU LET ME FACE HIM... *ALONE*...

"...NO WARNING... NO *HELP*...

"...NOTHING..."

DO NOT FEAR ME, MY LOVE.

I WAS *BORN* FOR YOU, YOU WERE BORN FOR ME. *FATE* HAS *JOINED* OUR PATHS--

SO...YOU *WON*.

I KNEW HE'D COME FOR YOU ONE DAY. THAT'S WHY I KEPT A FILE ON HIM.

THAT'S WHY I WANTED YOU IN THE TASK FORCE.

THAT'S WHY YOU LET HIM... LET HIM...

YOU'RE A *TELEPATH*, J'ONN. YOU *KNEW*. YOU *KNEW* WHERE I WAS AND WHAT WAS *HAPPENING* TO ME.

"--I ALSO KNEW--"

--YOU COULDN'T RUN FROM HIM FOREVER.

SO--

--YOU DO NOT COMPLETELY *TRUST* ME, GYPSY.

TRUST... IS *RELATIVE*, ISN'T IT?

J'ONN... I HARDLY TRUST *MYSELF.*

THING IS I KEEP JUDGING YOU BY *HUMAN* STANDARDS-- KEEP EXPECTING--A *FATHER*--A *MENTOR.*

EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU JUST DO SOMETHING... *INEXPLICABLE.*

SOMETHING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT.

SOME-THING I CAN'T *FORGIVE.*

YOU *TELL* HIM, GYPSY.

I KNOW ALL *ABOUT* CRUMMY FATHER FIGURES...

DON'T EVER BE LIKE ME, BILLY MAC--

--EVER.

*SEE TRIUMPH #3--Roo

THANKS... JIMMY MAC...

...YOU JERK...

LUCKY FOR BOTH OF US I HAD SOMEONE WATCHING OVER ME--*

TEAM 1

LEARN FROM YOUR FATHER'S MISTAKES, SON. THERE'S A *RIGHT WAY* AND A *WRONG WAY* TO DO THINGS.

IT'S *YOUR CHOICE.*

HOURMAN TOLD ME, "*LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.*"

YEAH. LOOK AT WHAT I MADE.

TRAINED *ALL MY LIFE*--FROM *THAT* DAY FORWARD--TO DO THIS WORK. THEN, FIRST TIME OUT--

NO--!! FLASH HAS BLACKED OUT--HE CAN'T SAVE THEM.

I *WON'T* LET THOSE MEN *DIE!*

YOU FOOL--THE ENTIRE *PLANET'S* AT STAKE--!!

THE PLANET--? OR YOUR *EGO*--?

WHY THE BLAZES DO WE *LISTEN* TO YOU?!

YEAH... JUST LOOK...

WE *MUST* WAIT FOR THE OTHERS--

SORRY, MANHUNTER.

WHAM!

THIS THING IS IN THE PROCESS OF *DESTROYING* THE *EARTH*--

--AND THAT CALLS FOR *DESPERATE MEASURES.*

THAT DECISION-- TO GO INTO BATTLE *ALONE*-- SHIFTED ME *OUT* OF THE *TIME STREAM* FOR NEARLY A *DECADE*.

NOW THAT I'M *BACK*, I'M STILL THE 21-YEAR-OLD *ROOKIE*, WHILE SUPERMAN AND THE REST HAVE GONE ON TO ESTABLISH SOLID CAREERS.

AND J'ONN AND I...WELL...WE JUST DON'T *MAKE* IT.

YOU DELIBERATELY DISOBEYED ORDERS, MODIFIED MY PLANS, AND WORKED TO UNDERMINE MY LEADERSHIP.

IN SO DOING, THE TASK FORCE WAS NEARLY *KILLED*.

FROM *PRECISELY* THIS MOMENT FORWARD YOU WILL OBEY MY ORDERS TO THE *LETTER*, TRIUMPH--

--OR YOU SHALL *ANSWER* TO ME.

I'LL GO AFTER MYSTEK--

NO, TRIUMPH. LET HIM GO. I'M CERTAIN I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM.

I DO NOT BELIEVE MYSTEK IS A *THREAT*, TRIUMPH. I WILL DEAL WITH HIM IN *DUE TIME*.

YOU, ON THE THE OTHER HAND, WILL *FOLLOW MY INSTRUC-TIONS*.

YES, I CERTAINLY WILL.

J'ONN-- I CAN "*FIND*" HIM *NOW*.

IF I HADN'T THROWN UP A *FORCE FIELD*, WE'D ALL BE *DEAD*!

I RESENT THE HAND-HOLDING, J'ONN. I RESENT THE INVASION OF MY PRIVACY.

YOU'VE APPROPRIATED JUSTICE LEAGUE TECHNOLOGY, WILL-- HAD A *DUPLICATE* OF OUR ROTOJET BUILT FOR THIS "*TEAM*" OF YOURS--

--WITHOUT OUR SANCTION.

"*OUR*"? YOU MEAN "*YOUR*" SANCTION.

LOOK, J'ONN-- I *RESPECT* YOU--ADMIRE YOU-- BUT I'M *NOT* A *KID*. DOESN'T MEAN I'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LEARN FROM YOU--

--BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN I'M COMPLETELY USELESS, EITHER.

YOU'RE HOLDING ON *TOO TIGHT*, J'ONN. I NEED SOME SPACE--

WELL, J'ONN--

--WE CERTAINLY ACCOMPLISHED *THAT* GOAL--

YOU'RE FIRED.

RUNNING

SO HERE WE ARE, MY VERY FIRST OUTER SPACE ADVENTURE-- ACHIEVING MY DESTINY--

--AND I'M TRAPPED IN THIS... *SHOE BOX*... WITH THE *SPECTER* OF MY SCREWED-UP LIFE.

JUST OPEN IT--A NEW START --A CHANCE TO START OVER--

"--C'MON *OUTTA* THERE, YOU LITTLE *TWERP--!*"

NINE HOURS DOWN-- FORTY-EIGHT TO GO

GONNA START SCREAMING.

CAN'T... CAN'T *DO* 48--

--WHAT AM I *DOING* HERE, ANYWAY--?!

...KILLED HIM...

GOTTA FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT *THROUGH* THIS.

I LOSE IT NOW AND I'M ALL *DONE.*

THEN WHAT WILL TANK HAVE DIED FOR?

WHAT *DID* HE DIE FOR?!

I'M THE ONE THEY WANTED.

I'M THE ONE... WITH THE *POWER--*

I NEED SOME AIR.

KLACK

KLACK

CALM DOWN, BARCLAY...

YOU CAN *DO* THIS...

--IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHEN WE'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS.

I *KNOW* YOU *HAVE* FEELINGS, THOUGH. I COULD SEE THEM--ALL OVER YOUR FACE.

YOU'RE A VERY COMPLEX PERSON, J'ONN--

"L-WHEN THIS LITTLE TRIP *BEGAN.*"

MY *GENERAL ALERT* --SUMMONING YOU ALL HERE TO THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA* HEADQUARTERS--

--CONCERNS *L-RON.* HE'S BEEN *CAPTURED*--

--AND *MAY* BE IN GREAT JEOPARDY.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA HAS LOANED US A VESSEL WHICH WILL TRANSPORT US TO XANTH-CAR, WHERE WE WILL *MONITOR* L-RON'S TRIAL--

...AND TESTIFY ON HIS BEHALF.

SORRY, J'ONN.

COUNT ME *OUT.*

'SUMATTER, RAY? L-RON TOO *PURPLE* FOR YOU?

URGENT *BADMINTON* LESSON?

LOOK, GUYS, I ANSWERED THE ALERT OUT OF *RESPECT* TO J'ONN.

BUT I JUST CAN'T SEE MYSELF JETTING ACROSS THE GALAXY TO DEFEND A *MACHINE*--

--WHEN SO MUCH *ELSE* IS HITTING THE FAN HERE AT HOME--

--SPECIFICALLY *JOSHUA*, THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF RELATIVES I NEVER KNEW I HAD...FILM AT ELEVEN...

THEN I GUESS THERE'S JUST THE *THREE* OF US--

NO, GYPSY. I'M *GOING*.

YOU WERE NOT *INVITED*.

THIS HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH *US*, J'ONN.

Y'KNOW, I CAN'T *BELIEVE* I ANSWERED YOUR STUPID *ALERT*. SHOULD'VE *KNOWN* MY CONTACT WAS *ACCIDENTAL*.

IN *SPITE* OF WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I *STILL* CAME RUNNING WHEN YOU CALLED! WELL, HERE'S THE SKINNY, PAL--

--L-RON IS *MY* FRIEND, TOO.

THE BOTTOM LINE IS, I'M NOT *IN* THIS GROUP ANYMORE--

--IT'S TIME WE ALL GOT *USED* TO THAT.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL PUT OUR PROBLEMS ABOVE L-RON'S WELL-BEING.

YOU ARE QUITE CORRECT,

YOU MAY ACCOMPANY US, WILL. HOWEVER, BE WARNED--

THERE WILL BE GRAVE CONSEQUENCES TO ANY UNAUTHORIZED INITIATIVES ON YOUR PART, TRIUMPH.

MOST GRAVE.

ALL THINGS UNDER HEAVEN RESPOND ACCORDING TO THEIR GIFTS, GYPSY, ALL SUBSEQUENT EVENTS ARE, IN THEIR OWN WAY, PREDESTINED.

I WOULD NOT CHOOSE TO TRY THE HAND OF FATE.

THAT'S JUST IT, J'ONN--IT'S SO DAMNED HARD TO KNOW WHEN YOU'LL "CHOOSE" TO GET INVOLVED--

"--AND THEN WHAT YOU'LL DO. I CAN NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT--"

BATHROOM.

ALL RIGHT, GOAT BOY-- TIME TO CLEAR OUT--

HAD TO GET OUT OF THAT BODY ARMOR. THOUGH L-RON'S DESIGN IS LIKE A MILLION TIMES LIGHTER THAN MY OLD SUIT--

--HERE, IN THIS TIN CAN, IT FEELS LIKE A COFFIN.

SWEATING LIKE A PIG...

CLIMBING THE DAMNED *WALLS*. AND IT'S ONLY BEEN *NINE HOURS*.

ONLY *NINE HOURS*. I'VE BEEN TRAPPED... LIKE A *RAT*...FOR *NINE* HOURS...

FORTY-EIGHT TO GO...

HEY, JUNIOR, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY GUY WITH A *BLADDER* ON THIS TUB--

--HOW LONG DOES IT *TAKE* YOU TO DRAIN THE WEASEL ?

MYSTEK HAS NO WEASEL.

HOUR FOURTEEN...

HOUR TWENTY-THREE...

--19th-CENTURY IMPRESSIONIST AND AUTHOR OF "BATHERS" WHO STUDIED WITH NEOCLASSICAL PAINTER CHARLES GLEYRE.

MONET.

FORM OF A *QUESTION*, DOPE.

WHO WAS RENOIR.

WHO WAS RENOIR?

CORRECT!

GEEK.

C'MON, GYPSY --HOW'D YOU *KNOW* THAT--?

HOUR THIRTY-TWO...

HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN GONE NOW?

THIRTY-TWO HOURS, TWELVE MINUTES.

LOVELY. ONLY A *FULL DAY* TO GO.

MANAGED TO *DOZE* FOR A MINUTE... BUT PARANOIA'S KICKING MY *BUTT*. HANDS...SHAKING...

TWO DAYS?! NO WAY...GOTTA DO SOMETHING...

SHOULDA TOOK A PICTURE.

AT LEAST THEN YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING TO *DO*.

HOUR THIRTY-SEVEN...

SHUT UP!

NO--YOU SHUT UP!

HEY--DON'T TELL *ME* TO SHUT UP--!!

I JUST *DID*, NOW, DIDN'T I?

EVERYBODY SHUT UP!!

YOU SHUT UP.

HOUR FORTY-TWO...

Oh--GOD, WHO *DID* THAT?!?

MYSTEK!

HEY-- IN YOUR *DREAMS*, GOLDILOCKS!

HOUR FORTY-SIX...

WELL, IT CERTAINLY WASN'T *ME*--!!

YEAH, RIGHT, GYPSIES DON'T GET GAS--

WILL YOU STOP TOUCHING ME?!?

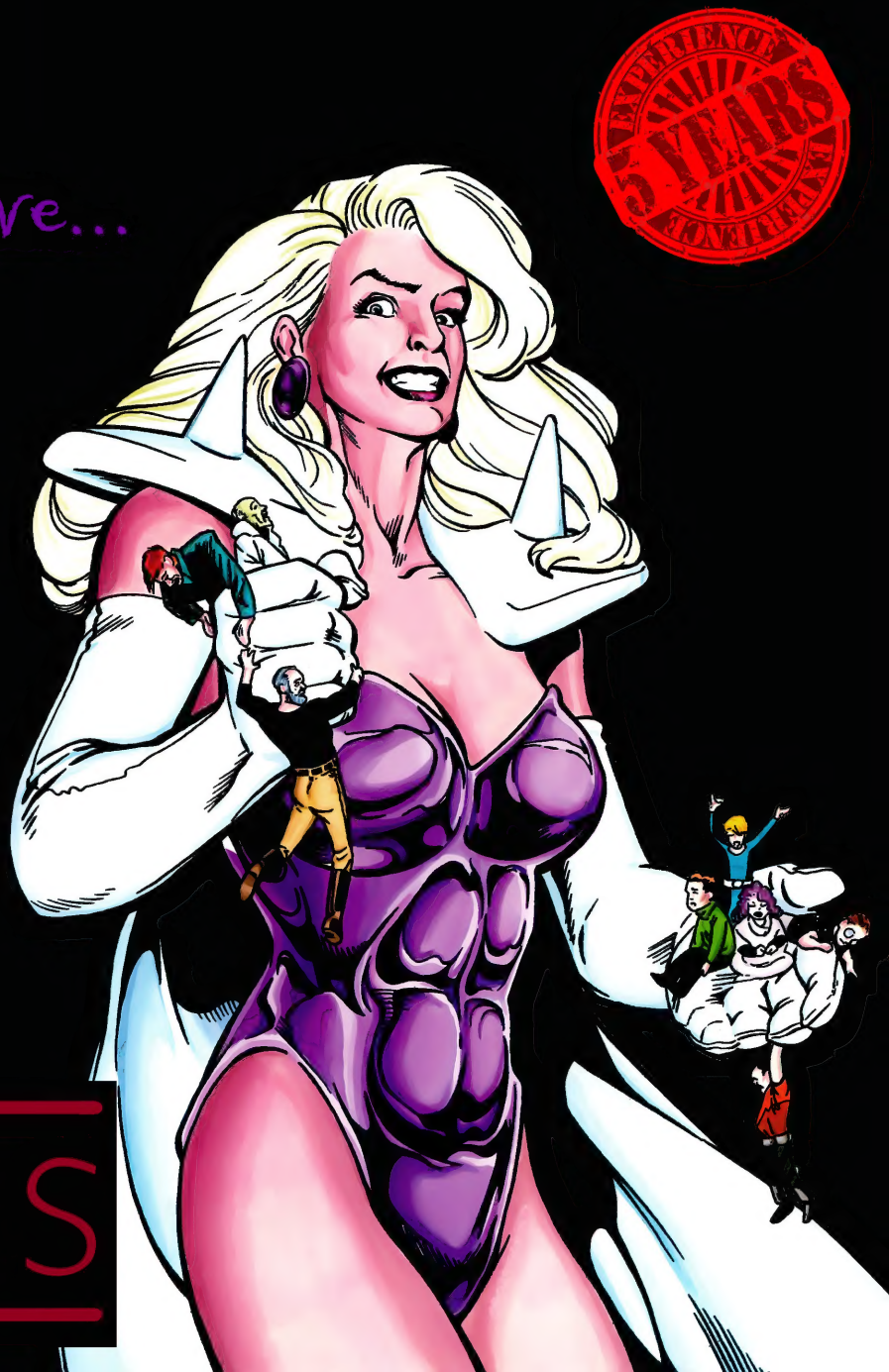
▼ NEXT ISSUE ▼

THE TRIAL OF **DESPERO!**

THE SENTENCE IS CERTAIN DEATH!

TEE SHIRTS! GET YA TEE SHIRTS!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus